

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTA WEEKLY REVIEW

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Note and Comment

No one can doubt the interest of eastern Canadians in the western country. Its development has meant as much in its way to them as it has to those who have lived in the midst of the wonderful changes which the past decade has brought about. We hear complaints of the depopulation of Ontario's rural districts as a result of the lure of free or cheap land in the new provinces. The publicity campaign carried on to promote western settlement has undoubtedly made the problem of securing adequate farm help a more difficult one in the older parts of the Dominion. In the towns and cities, too, much concern is expressed over the constant drain of the young and self-reliant, who, finding progress in the careers they have mapped out for themselves too slow have followed Mr. Greeley's historic advice, not in scores but in battalions.

Mr. Marshall's energetic officials, who are doing so much to bring the advantages which Alberta has to offer, to the attention of those who will make the right kind of recruits for our citizenship, have all kinds of experiences to tell which show a strong undercurrent of feeling on the part of those whose interests are tied up in the east and who believe that these are being seriously imperilled by the western movement. They are beginning to suggest to the newspapers that it is high time they stopped talking about our glorious heritage that lies towards the setting sun. They lay stress on unfavorable crop reports which come from certain districts out of the prairies and point out what a wonderful year all the older parts of the Dominion have had.

"Little old Ontario" they say, "is good enough for us and it won't be long before we find many of these newly-born westerners, with all their bluster and buncombe will be glad enough to come back to their twelve dollar a week jobs."

One doesn't need to re-visit the East to be familiar with this point of view. Indeed most Westerners accept it as the natural one. So long as they themselves and their own communities are making progress, they don't waste time sympathizing with those at whose expense they presume this progress is being made, whether fellow-Canadians or not. But as a matter of fact both the easterner, who casts envious eyes in this direction and the westerner, with the self-complacency which comes from a growing bank account and a thorough study of local Board of Trade statistics, are victims of imperfect information. This has been borne in upon the writer of this page very strongly within recent weeks, when a somewhat prolonged stay in Ontario after an absence of five years gave opportunity to note the change which has been wrought in the interval.

Everywhere that he went he found that advancement had been made, where in the ten years that preceded things had been at a standstill. The larger manufacturing establishments had attained a stage where they could challenge comparison with the greatest of their kind the world over. Those which during nearly a quarter of a century of the fostering influence of the National Policy struggled for life, are employing in most cases double the number of men on the pay roll in the old days. The men at their head challenge public attention quite as much by the size of their motor-cars as by that of their workshops. Toronto looks forward to rounding the half million mark before many years. Those smaller cities, which for so long after attaining the 10,000 mark, fought gamely against falling back into the 9,000 class, are securing new industries and expanding those they have. With a census in view next year they are beginning to talk so glibly about what figures it will show that one could almost imagine he was back in Alberta. Some of them are even developing real-estate booms.

As for the farmers, one sought in vain for evidence of the distress in their ranks that we have heard about. The labor problem they are solving by the very reasonable method of going in for those lines which either keep their demands for men down to a minimum or which allow them to give steadier employment than formerly. As an illustration of the advantages of mixed farming nothing could be more striking than Ontario at the close of the present season. You have only to move about to see for yourself greater prosperity and contentment than formerly among the country people. They dress better. Their houses and barns are more substantial. They are taking more pride in their places. The automobile is finding its place among them, though

not, we are told with the mortgage, which, it is said, so frequently accompanies it when townpeople succumb to its fascination. Bank managers will tell you of the wealth which they are accumulating. In a small town some forty miles east of Toronto, farmers have in one bank over three million dollars on deposit.

Ask the manufacturers, or those who know something about their affairs, what has brought this increased activity. You suggest to them as a factor that possibly Cobalt is a large factor. Yes it has had some effect, but, if you talk with them long enough, they will all freely admit that other influences are infinitesimal compared with that of western development. The west has drawn freely from the cream of Ontario youth but by coming west and aiding in the opening up of its vast resources have left greater opportunities for their brothers who remain behind in the old home and for the new-comers from other lands who are drifting in. The problem of what to do with the boys is not as severe a one for the head of the family as it used to be. So far from hurting Ontario towns and cities, the alacrity with which so many thousands have responded to the call of the west has been their salvation.

The efforts being made by the Canadian Manufacturers Association to offset the demand which has recently gone up from the west for a loosening of tariff restrictions are not hard to understand. They have fared well under the prevailing fiscal policy and

familiar scenes is to cultivate the sentimental side of one's nature a stimulant which in the struggle with the world has too long been lacking. Even the most eminently practical among us find "dear the school-boy spot we never forgot, though there we are forgot." The rolling countryside with its farms, the result of several generations of careful farming, the maple groves, the lazy streams, contrasted so strongly with Alberta's rushing mountain-fed rivers, all the same as twenty years ago, cannot help making a deep impression on the mind of the returned wanderer. "After all" he is apt, "isn't this life at its fullest? But the contentment which all this spells with all the fruits of the ambition which so many of us have strayed half way across the earth's surface in the hope of obtaining."

But what kind of a place would the world be if this were the normal attitude of the average man? It is all very well to return for a few days to these conditions which appeal so powerfully to one side of a bias nature. But it is a different proposition to live amid them from week to week and year to year. From the days of Ulysses on the men who make the world move have always sought new scenes and new activities and so long as human nature remains as it is they will feel that they have really lived only to the extent that they have thus pushed out for themselves.

With the men of our own race, all this strikes a peculiarly responsive chord. An Englishman, resident in British Columbia, Mr. Olive Phillips

The other production referred to was "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," as produced by Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, one of the greatest, if not virtually the greatest, living English actor. It used to be the fashion to scoff at those who held that the stage existed for any other purpose but to amuse. Supposedly eminent critics, have argued that it could serve no intellectual or moral object in view. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has never shared this view and the play which he is now presenting is one of intense seriousness. Briefly, it tells the story of a man who, by a consistent practice of the simple Christian virtues, completely transforms by his influence the sordid lives of a dozen or more people in a London lodging house. By appealing to the best in their nature and assuming that they desire to act according to this, he lifts them one by one to a higher plane of life, of course Mr. Forbes-Robertson is a masterly actor and he has about him a company which represents the English stage at its best, but the outstanding fact is that the play is of the character which we have been told so often the public doesn't want and yet it is drawing capacity houses for the second American season night after night. All of which is very encouraging to those who see in the drama one of the great agencies for making life sweeter and better. The great popular successes are not those which appeal to what is low and frivolous. People will always listen to those who have a message of seriousness to give and who show the ability in presenting it that is commensurate with their theme. A play like "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" elevates the stage to an immense degree. For one thing it brings within the doors of the theatre, many to whom it should be a means of pleasure and profit, but who are estrayed from it because of the demoralizing tendencies which have for so long held sway. The theatre should appeal to the whole public and those who denounce it as a whole and who absent themselves from good as well as from bad plays are working in admirably with the devil's game.

The choice of Mr. E. M. Macdonald, M.P. for Pictou, N. S., as one of the party to accompany Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his tour of the west, does not appear to have been a particularly happy one. He has had much to say, both during the trip and since its termination, to centralize the splendid impression made by the premier. His remarks at Lethbridge, where he referred to the advantage of a town's voting Liberal in order to secure public works that were desired were, with the most friendly construction placed upon them, of a character who no good politician, let alone a man who had a high sense of public duty, would use. Now the Halifax Chronicle, in its report of an address given by him in that city, has this to say:

"Mr. Macdonald clearly enunciated the policy of the Liberal party as affecting the tariff question. They had the same policy in the west as in the east. The people of the west did not want free trade any more than those in the east, and they ascertained that the only shouting for free trade in the west came from the Tory camp. He believed that the future of Nova Scotia was wrapped up in its manufacturers, and there would be no tariff changes to disturb them."

A more beautiful opening was never given to the opponents of a political leader than this gives to those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and they are certain to make good use of it. The Saturday News believes that the premier was thoroughly sincere in his expression of low-tariff opinions when in the west. But those who heard and greeted them approvingly are now looking forward to his taking some action in the way of implementing them. If this is not done, if the party continues to pursue the fiscal policy which it has for fourteen years back, the out-turn for it in this part of the country will be a black one. We are not disposed to be impatient. We are willing to accept Sir Wilfrid's promises in perfect good faith, pending the time when tariff reconstruction can be taken up. But this fault, established by the premier, will be soon demolished and many will rush to the conclusion that he was simply playing a sectional game, if he doesn't call off or repudiate his Nova Scotian lieutenant. Mr. Macdonald's reference to low tariff is particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that in Alberta the removal of the duty was one of our principal requests. It is being maintained simply for the benefit of Nova Scotia and it is the height of unfairness, to place so great a disability on the industry of the whole of the rest of the Dominion to serve so narrow an interest.



How the Queen's Own Rifles spent some of their leisure hours on board ship.

the wonder is that they did not know when to leave well enough alone. They are now on the defence. But a year or so ago they were carrying on an aggressive campaign for an increase of duties. Where The Saturday News stands in this matter its readers have never been in doubt. It trusts that its Canadian readers matters of public policy from a thoroughly national standpoint. But of this it is convinced, and its belief is founded on observations made in the east as well as those made in the west, that the real work of nation-building is being done by those who are settling up the land in the west. It is owing to this movement that the first decade of the Twentieth century has brought such an advance for Canada all along the line and to serve the present and future interests of the country to the best advantage, it is necessary that public policy should be directed first and foremost with a view to the welfare of the men who are discharging this pivotal work. That the west should be treated as a preserve for eastern industrial concerns, and that the men on whose progress everything depends should be subjected to hardships for the sake of larger temporary gains by eastern manufacturers is as unfair as it is suicidal from a national standpoint.

To one who has caught the spirit of the West, there is little that the older provinces have to offer that can offset in any degree the attractions of life in this land of broad areas and broad ideas. What we lack at present is rapidly coming to us. The pity is that when we have all that a large population brings, we are bound to lose much that constitutes the charm of living under existing conditions. People speak of the satisfaction which they find in coming once more into communities which have the finished look which is only reached after years of settlement and accumulation of wealth. It is very gratifying to them after the crudeness to which they have become accustomed. Such a feeling is only natural. One appreciates more than he ever did in the old days, the beauty of the stately trees that line the streets of town and city. At first the shade that they cast is almost oppressive. It is more like entering fairyland than anything that has happened outside the region of dreams. To wander about amid

Woolley, interpreted the spirit exceedingly well in a poem of which several stanzas run:

When every sea is sounded,
Each furthest headland rounded,
Each soaring summit known.

When the forces of creation
And the elements pay toll,
And the stars sing exultation
To the Jack at every pole.

When all the trails are broken,
And all the wrongs set right,
And all God's message spoken—
Then, Englishmen, good-night.

By the love of the stage, a visit east is always looked forward to as affording a chance to get into touch to a slight extent at least, with the changes that the years are bringing in that field of art. It was the good fortune of the writer to witness four remarkable productions, which spell progress for the drama to a very marked degree. One was what is commonly accepted as the most original play that up and the present stands to the credit of the new theatre, the splendid playhouse which a company of wealthy and public-spirited New York citizens have built, not for money-making purposes but in the hope of raising general theatrical standards. "The Nigger" isn't a pretty title and some old-time lover of Primrose and West might easily be lured into paying out his good money to see it, only to be very much disappointed. It deals with the perpetual problem of the south. What to do with the negro, in its strictly modern aspect, and illustrates in powerful fashion the tremendous obstacles which prejudice and passion and greed place in the way of its salvation. The part of the state governor, who is discovered after the lapse of many years, to have a strain of negro blood in his veins, is played by Guy Carroll Post, an actor of whom much will yet be heard. "The Nigger" is essentially a play to stimulate thought, and there can be no question about the new theatre's realizing its function if it is the means of bringing before the public and popularizing many other such efforts as this.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!"
When my Saturday News arrived at
the house last week, and I picked up
the paper for a general inspection, to
and behold you, not a quarter of the
social notes I had prepared so care-
fully were to be seen. Mrs. J. B.
Mercer's tea, Mrs. Holly Ross's tea
the day before, not to speak of dozens
of smaller social items; not a sign of
them. If you don't know this social
scribe you will maybe imagine "I
smiled a philosophic smile and said
nothing. If, on the contrary, you are
acquainted with this erratic person,
you will realize quite as well as I can
tell you, that I swore, not loud, but
very, very deep.

Same old excuse, chickens or some-
thing, just stole in the office and filch-
ed the copy. Well, these things will
happen, otherwise the road to Para-
dise might be found too easy. Of
one thing I am persuaded, either there
will be a great many pencil-pushers in
Heaven, way up in front, or we will
be relegated to the very furthest seats
back—some other place. I think my-
self we have earned any rewards that
are going.

Mrs. Barford is away in Winnipeg
enjoying a month's holidays, and
Miss Jessie Lynch is keeping house
for her sister during her absence.

Mrs. H. I. Miller, of Wetaskiwin,
came up for the Hospital Ball, and
was the guest of Mrs. Frank Som-
erville during her stay in town.

Mrs. John Sommerville and the
Misses Sommerville have chosen the
first Friday of the month as their day
at home for the season.

Owing to the Hon. Mr. Mitchell
having purchased a house on Four-
teenth street, he will not leave the
Riddell house, as at first announced,
but occupy his own new residence in
the west end. Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll
have rented the Riddell residence for
the winter.

Mrs. Waddell and her baby left
Edmonton last week, to spend some
time in Hamilton, Ont.

Mrs. W. S. and Miss Seymour, will
receive for the first time since taking
up their residence at their new home,
672 Twenty-first street, on the 3rd
and 4th of October, and in future on
the first Monday and Tuesday of the
month.

Mr. Hislop has had an old school
friend visiting her, Miss Jenny, of
Whitby, Ont., whom she chaperoned
to the Hospital Ball on Friday.

I understand that Mr. John Sum-
merville, Jr., is getting along splen-
dently up among the Muskoka pines
and that he never felt better in his
life. His physicians, however, recom-
mend his remaining where he is until
after Christmas.

Mrs. Robt. Mays will receive on the
first Friday of each month.

Madame Cauchon, a recent new-
comer to Edmonton, but an exceed-
ingly popular woman in Winnipeg
society, has chosen the first Wednes-
day of the month for her day at home,
and will receive on that date at her
delightful apartments in the Rene Le-
marchand Mansions.

Mrs. A. Y. Blain and her children
returned from a most enjoyable three
month's holiday spent with her peo-
ple in Toronto early last week.

Mrs. Forney who has made hosts of
friends in Edmonton during her visit
to her daughter, Mrs. Wilfrid Harri-
son, left last Saturday for her home
in Moscow, Idaho.

I heard this morning that Dr. and
Mrs. Ferris would return from the
continent in about a month's time,
and that both were looking remark-
ably fit, and enjoying their outing im-
mensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ponton have leased
Mr. St. George Jellet's house for a
year.

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Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie arrived
home from a delightful visit with her
people in the East, a week ago last
Sunday.

Mrs. Turnbull had a luncheon of
twenty-four covers on Saturday last.

Mrs. Bobby Robertson is giving a
tea this Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie will receive
on the first Wednesday of the month
at her Suite, No. 11, the Rene Lemar-
chand Mansions.

Mrs. Slocock will be "At Home"
this Friday, Sept. 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Case have left
the Coast and will make a tour of the
States.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall returned on
Thursday from a month's holidays in
the East, and was so unfortunate as
not to get her trunk in time to take
in the Ball on Friday. We of Ed-
monton, surely master early the great
lesson of patience under severe af-
flictions. But oh, these railroads!
What language has not been called
forth in their most autocratic names.

One of the largest and most suc-
cessful dances ever given in Edmon-
ton was that which assembled a re-
ally brilliant company on Friday even-
ing at the annual ball given by the
Ladies Hospital Aid in the dining
room of the Hotel Cecil.

The Hospital dances have always
been successful ones, but of late years
they have taken on added glories.
Each one in more recent times had
some special feature to recommend
it. This year the merry affair being
given under the distinguished patron-
age of two Lieutenant-Governors,
His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor
of Alberta, and Lieutenant-Governor
Gibson, of Ontario and his party.

The weather behaved abominably.
All day long it poured or drizzled
miserably, and night found conditions
little better. But, as someone after-
wards remarked, it was well it did
pour, because if the crowd assembled
in such circumstances, however could they have
danced at all, at all, if a fair weather
turn-out had been present. But
who wasn't there?

Looking around the crowded ball-
room when the dancing was at its
height, everyone ever knew in
Edmonton seemed on the floor.

The room, lit by amber-colored
lights, presented a splendid sight.
Although exceptionally large, on this
night it was crowded to its capacity,
the merry throng, over-flowing into
the lobby and card rooms upstairs,
all of which were very beautifully de-
corated, with great palms and hang-
ing baskets, shoals of lovely cut-
flowers and the prettiest candel
lights; tiny golden globes being
strung among the shrubs to represent
cranes. Had the evening people not
early in the evening discovered how
many charming nooks there were,
scattered about, both downstairs and
up, dancing would have been a practical
impossibility.

The orchestra was inspiring, the
floor and supper both excellent, and
the arrangements made by Mr. Belan-
ger for the comfort of his guests,
as near perfect as they well could be.
I hear the Ladies' Aid saying many
kind things of the popular proprietor
of the Cecil, and I am sure he de-
serves all the bouquets they can
throw at him.

Six hundred and sixty-six odd dol-
lars was the splendid sum realized
from the dance, and just as I think of
it I may mention that over three
hundred of it was the direct result of
Mrs. D. J. MacNamara's personal ef-
forts, she having the tickets in charge.
Mrs. Griessbach was another famous
worker, the supper being her particu-
lar charge. And while, being in
mourning, she didn't dance during the
evening, she was there as bright and

animated and energetic, as we who
know her well, always expect her to
be.

Mrs. Jennings, though far from
well, also did a great deal towards
the success of the dance, but the
ladies of the Aid need no word of
mine, individually or collectively, to
assure the public of their disinterested
labors. Mrs. Murphy, the indefatig-
able president, is a whirlwind as an
organizer, and worked early and late
to get things in smooth running or-
der.

The stewards, some of the most
popular and prominent men in town,
also performed their duties, both gal-
lantly and to everybody's satisfaction.
The Royal Alexandra Hospital went
off to a great start.

Some of those who were, at the
dance were Mrs. D. L. Scott, in a rich
gown of pale grey crepe de chine,
with pearl and white lace garniture;
Mrs. O'Connor, who I noticed having
an animated chat with Lieutenant-
Governor Gibson, and who wore a
handsome black satin toilette, trim-
med with sequins; Mrs. Arthur Mur-
phy, in a most becoming white Lin-
coln lace robe with touches of delicate
pink and green on the décolleté; an
indefatigable worker to whom a
very great deal of the success of the
dance is due; Mrs. Grey, who came in
with the Archdeacon, and looked
so for a time; Mrs. James Beag, in a
charming frock of exquisite black lace
over white satin, with diamond orna-
ments; Mrs. Swaisland, in a sweet
frock of pale pink charmeuse satin,
veiled in a sparkling crystal net;
Mrs. Turnbull, in palest mauve crepe
de chine, with handsome embroidery;
Mrs. Dawson, an elegant black
lace robe over rose-colored Dresden
silk, and wearing some splendid dia-
monds; Mrs. Nightingale, a creation
of heavy silk-embroidered net over
white satin; Mrs. Tom Davies, a very
sweet and graceful bride, who dances
perfectly, and I hear, skates equally
well, in a love of a wedding gown of
softest satin, with beautiful embroi-
deries; Mrs. W. E. Lines, a regal
young figure in a perfectly-fitting
white satin toilette; Mrs. Hislop,
pretty and animated in black net with
a touch of color on the bodice; Mrs.
J. D. Harrison, another notable dan-
cer, in clinging black with jet sequined
berthe; Mrs. Williamson Taylor wore
a very handsome gown of green silk,
with rich applique and some fine lace;

Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, one of the
daintiest of the younger matrons, in
a pretty frock of palest pink; Mrs.
Scoble in a much-admired frock of
pale blue striped silk with some lovely
ly white lace and touches of velvet;
Mrs. Duncan Smith, wearing a stand-
ing black satin gown with an over-
dress of gold and black; heavy gold
fringe finishing the over-skirt which
came half-way down on the black
satin foundation; Mrs. Hyndman, in
most becoming white satin; Mrs. Par-
dee, in a smart black sequined robe
looking particularly well; Mrs. Bower
Campbell in pale grey crepe de chine,
with handsome garniture, who was
chaperoning her daughter; Miss No-
rah Campbell, looking very sweet in
such a lovely frock of palest pink
crepe de chine, with broad jewelled
insertion; Mrs. Ferguson Burke, of
Toronto in an elegant black, voile
and jet and wearing some fine pearls;
Mrs. O'Kelly, handsome and striking
in an elaborate black sequined robe;
Mrs. Sydney Woods in the same
modish color, with a stunning black
satin wrap faced with white over her
shoulders; Mrs. Jamieson of Strath-
cona, quaintly lovely in a gown of
Mandarin-blue charmeuse satin, with
a little coat effect of crystals and
silver beads; Mrs. Porteous, whom
she chaperoned in a fishy frock of
black muslin with ecru lace orna-
mentation; Mrs. Hugh Campbell in
a charming gown of pale blue satin,
exactly suiting her elegant brunette
type; Mrs. Dick Hardisty, noticeably
tall and striking in mauve crepe
de chine with heavy cream lace gar-
niture; Mrs. Bobby Robertson, a pre-
ttyp young matron, in clinging white
satin, with Rose Pointe berthe; Mrs.
Wilfrid Harrison in a maroon painted
chiffon frock that suited her admir-
ably; Mrs. Benson, of Strathcona, in
a Paris creation of pink silk grena-
dine; Mrs. Harry Wilson, of the same
town, who wore black sequined net,
and brought her daughter, Miss Mu-
riel Wilson, in white charmeuse sa-
tin; Mrs. Bradburn, who looked very
sweet and graceful in mauve satin;
Mrs. Robert Mays, a pretty little
figure in a quaint gown of palest yel-
low Dresden silk, with a big gold rose
on the corsage; Mrs. Dickens, in a
stunning black sequined robe; Mrs.
Charlesworth in white satin and
blonde lace; Mrs. Frank Sommerville
in a modish gown of primrose silk;

Continued on p. 2, four.

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Home and Society (Continued from Page Three.)

Mrs. Jennings, smartly coiffee, and wearing a handsome gown of white lace with touches of color; Mrs. Miller, of Wetaskiwin, distinguished in a frock of Baby Irish lace; Mrs. Marriott, of Strathcona, very pretty and piquante in pink organdie with some fine lace; Mrs. Stockand, in an elaborate gown of pink satin; Mrs. D. J. MacNamara, in a dream of pale blue moire, partly veiled in chiffon, with turquoise ornamentation; very chic, and one of the notable gowns; Mrs. Nicolls, in rich black sequins; Mrs. John I. Mills, in yellow satin and embroidered net; Mrs. Holly Ross in pale pink with a cream lace overdress; Madame Delavault, charming in a gown of white painted chiffon in blue and yellow tones; one of the sweetest young matrons was Mrs. S. A. Dickson, in white organdie with tiny pink rosebuds, and Mrs. Farquharson was also looking very well in pale blue; Miss McLasacs came in with the Minister of Education, Hon. Duncan Marshall and wore a handsome yellow, satin gown; Miss Mackie, of Belleville, in elegant turquoise blue panne velvet, very beautifully made; and among the younger set you could have picked a huge poise of youthful buds and beauties; Miss Irene Harbottle was easily one of the loveliest, wearing an exquisite frock of white crepe de chine, partly veiled in broad-mesh-hair net, with chrysalis garlands; while, in her dark hair was one of the new chrysalis bandeau ornaments with drooping fringe; Miss Haycock, of Ottawa, had her own court of admirers, everyone being charmed by this popular girl in her white satin frock with the little touches of turquoise, broad blue scarf, and becoming gold bandeau in her lovely fair hair; Miss Huddspeth too looked very well, her gown being of mauve satin, simply but beautifully made; Miss Gibson, of Toronto,

a pretty animated girl, wore a very smart frock of black satin relieved with chrysalis garlands, and carried a huge spray of white roses; her friend, Miss Mallock, was also beautifully gowned, her frock of white satin with Baby Irish lace, proving most becoming; Miss Bessie Scott wore dainty white net; Miss Craig, Mrs. Dawson's guest, was in white satin, and having a royal time; Miss Geach was handsome in pale blue satin; Miss Ethel Webster, and Miss Edith were both in white satin relieved with a touch of golden brown, Miss Phyllis Barnea was as dainty and sweet as could be in a saucy little pink frock; Miss Cuthbert had on a striking gown of green chiffon over satin; the bodice being of Dresden material veiled in the chiffon, with green chrysalis garlands; Miss Marjory Beck looked a picture in a dainty pink gown; Miss Eleanor Taylor wore pink charmeuse satin and looked, as always, decidedly pretty and attractive; Miss Penelope Davies in white satin with chrysalis and fringe, garlands, and a dash of color in crimson roses on the corsage, hadn't dances enough to go around; Miss Bessie Porter was one of the loveliest girls; Miss Jessie Lynch in black satin looked, and danced, extremely well; Miss Cobbett in a charming shade of green, was easily one of the belles; Miss Viva and Miss Dorothy Sommerville, the former in pale pink figured silk, and the latter in rich white satin were much sought after partners; Miss Mackie, was sweet in white lace, and lilacs in her hair and on the corsage; Miss Graydon wore becoming pale blue; Miss Evelyn Murphy wore white satin trimmed with silver and Miss Kathleen was charming with gold applique; Miss Margaret Davies was a fine striking-looking girl in pale blue charmeuse satin, with white lace and white roses in her hair; Miss Mary Davies, of Ottawa, was also easily distinguishable in yellow satin with yellow flowers in her hair; Miss Alice Cameron wore lovely blue satin with chrysalis ornamentation; Miss Perkins, a dainty white lace gown, and Miss Dolly Greenwood was striking in pretty pale pink.

Not twenty per cent. of the pretty gowns and faces present, but I have reached my limit.

The Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea, Mrs. Turnbull, while the Hon. Duncan Marshall and Miss McLasacs, Miss Gibson, Miss Allalack, Capt. Young, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Hislop and Mrs. Jennings made up the party who supped in state.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy will receive on Tuesday next, and afterwards, as usual, on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

Mrs. Ferguson Burke will remain in town until late next week, at least, and assist Mrs. Murphy in receiving.

Judging from the conversations one hears about town, Melba is going to have a magnificent audience on Wednesday night at her concert. All the music-loving world not only in, but about, Edmonton, is on the qui vive of excitement, scarcely able to wait for the great diva to come and enthrall them, as she seems to have done all her other audiences, with the magic of her song.

Not only will it be a very great occasion artistically, but Society is turning out en masse in their most bewitching frills and chiffons, to add lustre to the occasion.

I hope Mr. Suckling finds Edmonton more appreciative than other ambitious men who have on former occasions, brought great artists to the capital.

To hear Melba at the height of her fame, is the chance and opportunity of a lifetime. Such occasions come but too seldom to us in the West. By such men and women measure their existence. "I heard Patti at her best, aruso in his prime, Jenny Lind—very many years ago."

In days to come, will you and I not reckon time by such milestones?

Mrs. Holly Ross had a very jolly and well-done tea in honor of Mrs. John Ross on Wednesday last, when a great many old friends and new, came in for a chat and a cup of tea to find the guest of honor richly gowned in black silk velvet, and some lovely Irish crochet lace, and looking exceedingly well and bright; Mrs. Ross, the young hostess, welcomed her guests in a pretty gown of wisteria striped silk, with handsome ornamentation.

The rooms were a bower of fragrant sweet peas, a great shower of pink blossoms centring the artistically arranged table, and making a vivid splash of rich color against the dark oak furniture.

Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Hardisty presided at the tea table and Mrs. McLean assisted in looking after the guests, while Mrs. Frank Ross of Innisfree, in becoming grey silk received with the hostess and guest of honor.

Mrs. Frank Sommerville will resume her former reception days, the second and fourth Fridays of the month.

Mrs. Davies and her daughters who have recently come to town, have taken a house, No. 26, Eleventh street, and will receive for the first time at their new residence on Wednesday next, and thereafter on the first Wednesday of each month.

Mrs. J. B. Mercer's tea on Thursday last was a happy re-union of a great many friends, all of whom enjoyed thoroughly the hour over the tea-cups in this pleasant home.

Throughout the rooms, quantities of flowers in every shape and hue added their charm to the surroundings. Scarlet geraniums in the hall, golden glow in the cheery reception room, and out in the tea-room great quantities of sweet peas, forming a most effective background for the women's smart autumn finery. The table arrangement was delightfully novel, and quite one of the loveliest and most striking effects in yellow, I remember having seen.

On a mirror base in the centre rested a handsome glass bowl of yellow begonias and some cool leaves; the same quaint and prim little flowers again appearing at the four corners of the table in higher glass vases, and smiling back at one from four tiny mirrors.

Here Mrs. Hardisty and Mrs. John I. Mills presided for the first hour, being later relieved by Mrs. Hugh Campbell and Mrs. Bobby Robertson; Mrs. Stockand serving the ices at a small side table, and a bevy of the prettiest girls, Miss Irene Harbottle, Miss Edith Richardson, Miss Lillian Hardisty, and Miss Vesta Mercer, assisting.

Mrs. Mercer received wearing a handsome gown of ashes of roses, silk crepe with heavy pansy applique, and lace yoke and sleeves. Two dear little girls in sweet white frockies, Verla MacCallum and Leila MacCallum, opened the door and showed the guests to the dressing room, where, by the way, one had a peep at a splendid wee baby son of the house, who all afternoon held a court of his own.

Mrs. J. H. Morris returned from Toronto on Thursday night, a hero she has been placing Miss Maxine Morris at school.

The first meeting of the Aberdeen Society for this season will be held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors on the

first Thursday in October, at 8.15.

The golf club are giving their annual ball in the Hotel Cecil on October 14th.

Mrs. Dr. V. C. Mulvey will receive for the first time this season on Tuesday next, October 4th, at her new residence, 436 Twelfth street south, and every Tuesday after.

The musicale given by the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in Mrs. Farlee's delightful apartments over the Bank of Montreal, on Thursday evening, was a genuine treat; everyone, as they walked home, remarking, "Why can't we have more of this kind of thing?"

Over a hundred people were present to listen to the splendid programme; each number of which seemed to have been selected with a care and discrimination seldom displayed in getting up such "concerts."

Among those taking part were: Mrs. Bowers, Miss Webster, Miss

Penelope Davies, Miss Jessie Potter, Miss Seymour, and Mr. Griffiths, all of whom sang in splendid voices; Mr. Barford, who played, as Mr. Barford always does, play, with fine feeling and expression, and Mr. Bowers and Miss Mackie who recited.

Mr. Bowers chose some appealing "Rhymes of Little Boys," by that delightful writer of child verse, Burgess Johnston, rendering them in a quaint, whimsical way, of which he has the art, and so taking his audience by storm, that they wouldn't be satisfied until they had "more!"

Miss Mackie chose Whitcomb Riley and Jessie Wilcox Smith in the last of which she was particularly pleasing.

At the close light refreshments were served and an unusually enjoyable evening was brought to a close. I hear the good sum of forty odd dollars was realized as a result of the musicale.



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INTERESTING

INFORMING

Friday

Volume 3 of the New Weekly European

Friday

Saturday

Animated Gazette

Saturday

ENLIGHTENING

ENTERTAINING

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SIT IN THE SADDLE AND RIDE

By Hugh J. Hughes.

Do you envy your fellow who's taking the pole?
Do you fall of his action and stride?
Don't bunch with the quitters who turn from the goal—
But sit in the saddle, and ride!

Have they jockeyed you out to the last of the field?
Is the cup you had tried for denied? Stay game to the end! There are chances conceded,
And the least you can do is to ride!

Is your hair growing gray, and your face growing old?
Are your dreams their fruition denied?
To stay to the finish! Who trades that for gold?
Sit close in the saddle, and ride!

Is your course leading out to the shadowless land,
Where the years of fulfillment abide? Good luck to you, comrade! The grip of my hand!
Sit tight in the saddle, and ride!

I listened to quite a heated argument yesterday afternoon, on the well-worn subject: "How much a young man and woman should have before they get married. Nothing very new was brought out. The man maintained that it didn't matter very much how much they had if they were both made of the right stuff, while the woman argued that mattered a whole heap. The man can count my money his. As far as I could make out, the woman took her stand on the theory that no man has a right to ask a girl to share his lot unless he can afford to maintain her in the position in life to which she has been accustomed. Merciful Heaven! how many marriages would there be under those conditions!

That any male creature could be selfish enough to ask a girl he loved to slave for him, come down to a tiny house where she has lived in a mansion, cook his meals and do her own work, why the thing was "preposterous."

As the discussion waxed hotter my mind involuntarily wandered back to a little scene in which I had participated a few days before.

"Come and have a cup of tea this afternoon," a girl bride I know very well had telephoned "down town."

In response I found myself on a certain street, with the number of her house a blank in my memory.

What could it be?

I asked some children to get the information—dear generalizing babies—that it was somewhere "down town."

Within two blocks, however, I knew I was right, and so, to demonstrate my Sherlock Holmes abilities, I determined to walk past all the houses and see if I couldn't single out hers.

Consider me open for engagements as a private detective—with a glance at the windows I readily decided on my choice.

The dainty, simply-artistic curtains were enough. I knew I was right before my friend opened the door to me.

What a pleasure that afternoon was from start to finish! How attractive the young bride in her simple afternoon frock, how delightful the fragrant cup of tea, daintily served with the unpretentious, but delicious, accompanying bit of cake!

The little livingroom is before me yet, not a superfluous thing in the entire room, but everything charming. About it, and over all the weeny house, brooded an air of simple joy and tremendous happiness. Why you give young arams yourself, merely breathing in its atmosphere. These wonder-days of early-married life, when two young lovers set out on the journey! Before I came away the Three of Us who were present were allowed a peep from hall to kitchen.

I wish I could take my Woman there and let her see what I saw. The little blue and white dining-room with its pretty bits of glass and china arranged on the artistic, white enamel, home-designed sideboard. The plate railing above, where the lovely wedding gifts in blue and white were showed off to such tremendous advantage. On through the two simple bedrooms, where again the ingenuity of these Happy Two displayed itself in the white enamel furniture—common everyday pine and birch if you will—enamelled by themselves, and become the most spotless and attractive of beds and dressing tables. On the walls were a few fine prints. That was all, but how effective!

Out in the kitchen a delicious something was stewing away in the oven.

Taking off the lid of the casserole, the bride displayed with the greatest pride a most appetizing supper dish. On the table scalloped potatoes stood ready to be popped in when the proper time came. "Lucky husband," said I to myself—and added a "Bully for you, little girl," for my friend.

For the girl I am telling you of has had every advantage of home and fortune anyone could desire; has never been brought up to expect to have to do these things any more than a good many other girls who protest that they "couldn't cook a potato to save their lives," and yet I know my friend is happier, better off, and infinitely a "bigger girl" for having married the man of her choice whom she did, before he had much of this world's goods to offer her, than she would have been had she captured a millionaire.

Let me tell you a lot of monied men come too high to make their capture by any means desirable. Look about you and see if this isn't so.

Broken-down ruins; rones at thirty. Wild-cat artists! let them have them who will. Give me a man. A man without anything but a brave heart and a great love for his dower, and I'll face the world with him.

Going home we three talked of these things. We all like money, but by Jove, we can appreciate and recognize the things it can't buy.

All this came back to me as I heard the woman outlining the things a man should have before he thinks of entering the holy estate of matrimony.

But isn't it strange how Prosperity makes a clean slate of some people's memories?

Why this very woman twenty years ago—ten—didn't amount to the proverbial bit of beans. Yet now listen to her how glibly she sets forth the absolute necessity of maida and a proper establishment. Is it, then, what a man can afford and not the man himself that counts in these days?

Candidly, with most parents, yes, I know, personally, I have very little of the man my friend's daughters are going to marry, as compared with "her" trousseau, the position they will occupy, and his family's prominence in life.

A son of So and So. A daughter of the De Grants," how insipidly familiar the phrases are!

If many of these same young people's parents took time to look back they would discover that if their parents had adopted the same theories of life towards them that they now hold with regard to their children, well—they wouldn't be where they are today, that's all.



The Knife Fight in "Pierre of the Plains," at the Empire Theatre, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6.

STARLAND

Ever on the ascendant this popular theatre has given exceptionally good pictures of late. "The Animated Gazette" met with its usual warm reception, being bright and educative. People from the old country find this particularly interesting as it depicts events from home which they are not able to actually visit. War pictures are always favorites, but we seldom find in them such a combination of humor and pathos as was portrayed in "The Border States." The heroine was a little girl of about eight summers, and her quaint acting lent a fresh enchantment to the play. Nothing does a person so much good as

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY

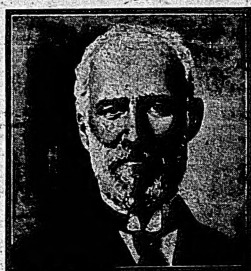
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